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**Evangelical Visitor - January 25, 1980 Vol. XCIII. No. 2.**

J.N. Hostetter

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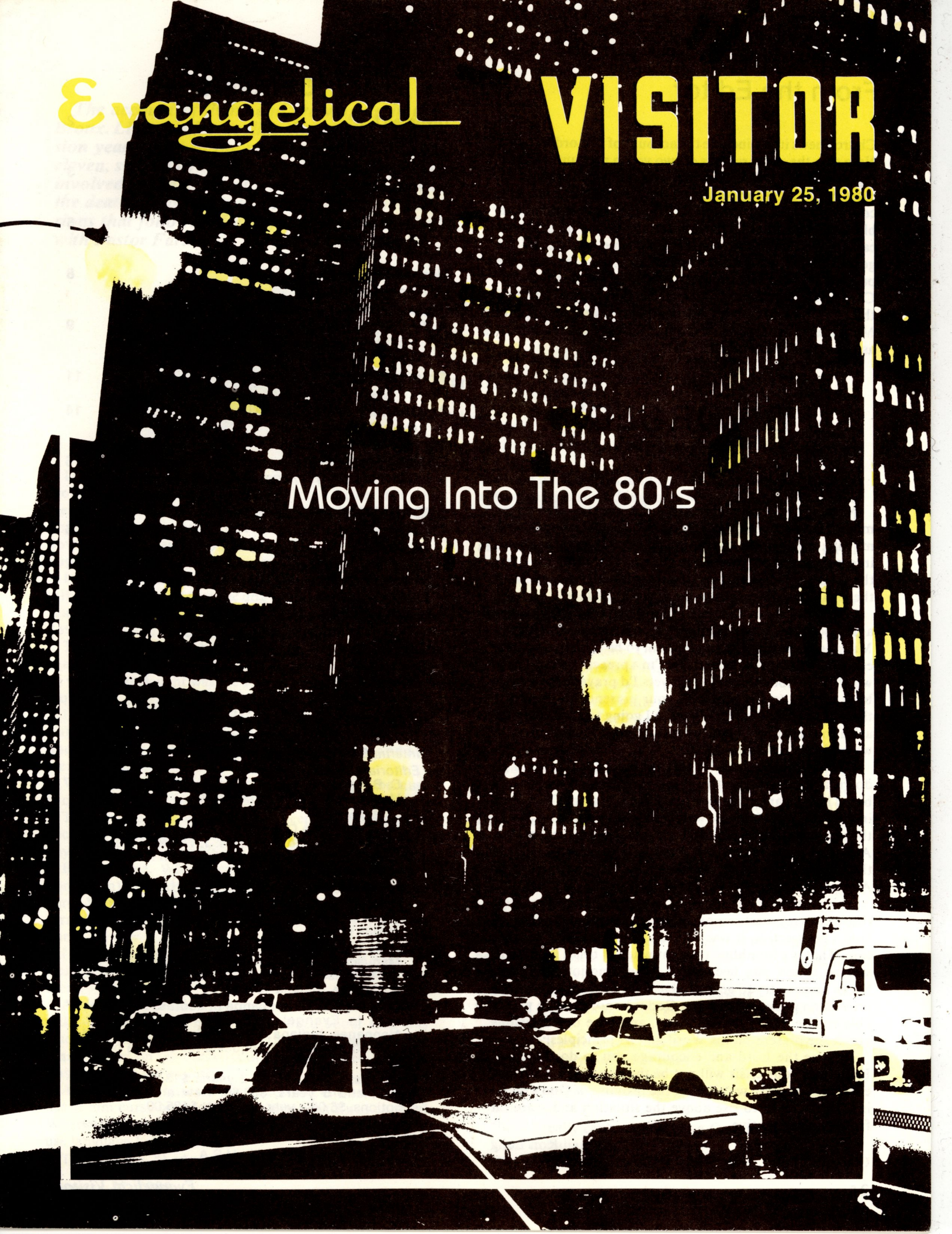


*Evangelical*

**VISITOR**

January 25, 1980

Moving Into The 80's





## From the Editor

Church news items include the account of two ordinations. Note also the short reports of two youth accounts indicating where they will be serving. The full page spread indicates MCC need for personnel during 1980. The account concerning Georgi Vins should again remind us of our blessings and thanks to God for the Grace of God that came to his life. C.R. Heisey, long time minister of the gospel, shares a personal word. This issue highlights the passing of a fourth churchman in the last six months—Dr. Carlton O. Wittlinger, long-time servant of the Lord and the church at Messiah College. Pastor Ives' meaningful Memorial meditation is included. Don't miss the heartbeat as expressed in Divorced.

# DIVORCED!

*(A testimony of God's love)*

Never in the worst nightmare had it ever even crossed my mind. "Divorce is wrong!" "It's Sin!" Yes, I'd heard that all my life. In fact, to the point where it had become an integral part of my own value system. Yet, there I sat, less than three years after marrying the girl of my dreams, with the legal document staring me right in the face!

"Lord, how can this be? I'm a Christian. I'm a born-again believer. I married a girl brought up in the church. Marriages are made in heaven, not to be broken on earth, especially a Christian marriage. I'm a preacher's kid. Lord, why? What about all of the prayers I'd prayed? How can I be a witness to the power of your presence to those out there in the world now? What am I going to say when they ask about my life?" These were the kinds of questions with which I was forced to wrestle.

In a crisis like this, it's inevitable that a Christian sit down and reexamine the value structure on which he's based his life, and it has been no different for me. The pages in my Bible have become well worn as I've read and reread the scriptures in search of God's plan through all of this. And, just as inevitably, the result of any honest search in the Word, has been one of strengthened commitment to its Author and its truth.

This particular crisis for me has not yet been solved with respect to my finite mind in the present. And yet from God's perspective, it was solved at the beginning of creation. That is a humbling thought when at times it's easy to wallow in self pity because of a few emotional feelings. Satan loves to try to get us to base our decisions about the present on these feelings. But God is honored when we are able to rise above the emotions, and base our decisions about the present on his Word and its principles.

I praise the Lord and encourage you to do the same. Hopefully your crisis will not be the same, and yet whatever be its nature, we all have the promise of God's blessings as we learn to rise above the situation and search it from His perspective.

Ron Long

Clarence Center, New York

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## Synopsis of Part I

*The account of living and growing up in the Bronx. Living and struggling through the depression years, next to the youngest of a family of eleven, six still living. The emotional experience involved in the death of a niece, Theresa. Then the death of his father and mother with the tensions that followed. Finally, the casual meeting with Pastor Farina.*

# How the Lord Reached Me

(Part II)

by Bob Hart\*

I took my dog out, made my supper, sat comfortable and looked at television. And then it was like a Power that got me off that seat. I turned the television off, I put the leash on the dog, and I went and met him at 7:30. He was coming down the street as I was going up. He said, "Is that the dog?"

I took the leash off the dog, and then it was mostly small talk. He was worried that the dog would run in the street. I said, "Oh, no, he knows where he's going." The dog turned down the block, and he got a big kick out of that.

Then we went in and had coffee, and we talked small talk again, about jobs, about life. But he never mentioned who he was. All I thought was: he's being a nice guy. He wasn't inquisitive, he wasn't nosy; he was just nice.

I was very quiet: I was still in my shell. But in my mind I was wondering: what is this all about? I'd never met anybody like this. He had nice ways . . . and yet it was odd to me: why is he putting himself out of the way?

We made an appointment for that Tuesday, because Monday I was going to my sister's.

Tuesday night came, but I didn't keep the appointment, because I didn't want to bother. I still didn't want to have anybody around me; that was the state I was in.

But he came. When I came home (I'd even forgotten about him) I found a little cardboard note. It said, "I was here. Sorry I missed you. Are you all right? Very concerned. Call me." He gave me his work number and his home number.

I said, "I can't get over this. He's persistent, but nice." So I called him the next day, and apologized for not being there.

And then we made appointments, like for walks and talks. The first thing he ever mentioned about God was when we'd take long walks: about the scenery, the trees, the grass. I lived on the outskirts of the Bronx then, where it was more like the country.

And he talked. His talk was interesting and nice. I never heard him curse or anything like that. But I was cursing! Whenever I got upset about people, or about life, I would use language I shouldn't.

Then I'd say, "Let's go on dates," or "Let's go into the

bar—we'll have pizza, and I could drink a beer." But he'd always suggest something to do other than that. We'd have a soda and something, or coffee and a piece of cake. It didn't bother me much, because it was interesting. He'd always talk interesting talk, and take my mind off a lot of things.

Then, two days before Christmas, I was playing rock-n-roll music and he said to me, "Bob, don't you have any church music?"

"Church music! Don't you like this that I'm playing?"

"I've got a headache. Do you have any church music?"

"I've got Christmas music."

"Oh, that would be good."

So I put it on. And while I was putting the record on, he said, "Bob, do you believe in God? Do you love God?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you go to church?"

"No—only when I *have-to*, *have-to* go. But I usually go into an empty church. I go to the crucifix and pray, and then I go to the pew and pray some more, and then I go out. I don't go to a mass, because I don't get anything out of it; I come out feeling the same way. But when I kneel and pray to the crucifix, I feel a little better."

He said to me "Do you know Jesus is not on that crucifix any more?" I looked at him. "Haven't you heard that he's risen from the dead?"

I said, "I've heard that. So why have him on the cross?"

He said, "It's good to have a cross, but an empty cross, because he's risen from the dead." And I looked again, because it was very interesting.

Then he started talking a little about the Lord being my Savior. I said to him, "Let's go to church on Sunday."

"I can't."

"Oh, we'll go to the early mass, and then later you can go with your family—or vice versa."

But he still said, "I can't."

"Then why are you talking church to me? You've got me all hopped up!"

"Bob, I really can't go. I'm not a Catholic."

"You're Italian?"

"Yes, I'm Italian."



"Are you sure? Maybe you're Jewish, and didn't tell me! I don't care."

"No, I'm Italian. I'm a Protestant."

"Whoever heard of a Protestant Italian? I always thought Italians were Catholics, just like Irish."

"No, I'm not. I'm a Protestant."

Then finally he said, "Come here." He opened his wallet and took out his credentials, and I saw that he was a Sunday School superintendant and in the ministry.

I felt so small! I almost cried because of the way I was treating him and acting with him. I'd swear, and I'd tell him to go places and do things, and—I filled up with tears, and if there had been a hole in the floor I would have crawled into it.

But he said, "Bob, if I would have told you at the beginning who I was, would you be with me now?"

"No," I said, because the moment he would have told me about the ministry I would have said, "I'm a Catholic."

He knew I liked music. He brought me to his house to meet his family, and when we were eating at the table, the Couriers were on a record. They were singing, "I must tell Jesus all of my trials; I cannot bear them alone." I filled up with tears.

Then right after that song came, "Through sinking sands he lifted me." I had to get up and go into the other room. I was crying.

He came and prayed with me. After the prayer he said, "Would you like to see them in person?"

"Yes."

"It's a Protestant church."

Oh, I'd like to, because I feel something from hearing them."

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**I've always loved God, since I was a tot. I loved God and respected him, but I never knew him—never knew him as an individual Lord. And what he did for me, so that I know I'm different.**

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He took me to the church where they were, in the Bronx. We went, and I gave myself to the Lord at the end of the service. The Couriers had a beautiful ministry, and it filled my heart. It seemed like it melted me, so that I broke down. I gave my heart to the Lord when he gave an altar call.

Then three months later I joined the church. I became a Christian. And the difference—how I know it, is this:

I've always loved God, since I was a tot. I loved God and respected him, but I never knew him—never knew him as an individual Lord. And what he did for me, so that I know I'm different.

When my family died, my heart went down; everything went. But when my sister passed away five years ago, he lifted me. He lifted me, and I saw the difference: I saw that the Lord Jesus Christ is real. I can't tell you how much he's done for me. I go down, but he lifts me right up, and I'm most grateful to him.

I've been at Fellowship Chapel two years now. I was in the other church eight years, and then Danny became

pastor here, and I followed him. I like everything and everyone at Fellowship Chapel. Everyone from the pastor down to the littlest child, because they're beautiful people.

The pastor—he was my friend at the beginning, then he became a minister to me, and now he's my pastor. You couldn't want a better pastor, because he loves people. He's concerned with people. No matter who you are—you can have a car or you can be walking to church; you could be up, you could be down—he consoles you, comforts you. He's a true friend.

At first, when he wasn't cursing and didn't want to go to this place or that place, I thought he was a square. But he was interesting. When he talked about the trees, the job, how to be nice to people . . .

They all love him, because he's concerned, and he shows love. A beautiful, beautiful pastor.

And the Brethren in Christ are beautiful. I've visited a couple of places, and many people have come from the Brethren in Christ, and they're sincere. As the pastor said, you tell by their walk, not by their talk.

I work with four children at the Little Lighthouse Learning Center, helping them read and do arithmetic. I see them three times a week in the afternoon. Jan has a lot of reading books, first grade to sixth. We get the Lord Jesus in there, now and then. Sometimes if they do a naughty thing, we say, "This is God's house, and you've got to be good."

Some of them come to camp—Spring Lake Retreat. A lot of the children at camp are from the streets of New York. They come in rough, and by the time camp ends, a lot of those rough edges are smoothed by the Word of God in them. I spend some time in the cabins, having devotions with them. At the beginning of the week some say, "Oh, we want to go to sleep!"—but about Wednesday, they're asking questions. "Why is God this?" "Why does God do this?" "Why does this happen?" And you have answers for them from the Bible.

My family sees the difference in me, how that I've changed. When the deaths happened, I would hardly even talk to them. I was in deep depression, and it threw everything out for me.

It even lasted when I became a Christian. Satan comes at you stronger when you take the Lord. Now that I was getting involved with the Lord, and wanting him as my personal Savior, the devil was like a roaring lion, and really chopped away at me many times.

I would see in many, many people the love which is so beautiful. But then I also saw, as I was growing, some that were a little hard to come to, to get friendly to. But Danny would put it like this: some of them are not strong yet—not rooted strong. When their wrath comes, they let the sun go down on the wrath, and they get hardened. But they don't mean to be, and we have to pray for them and love them.

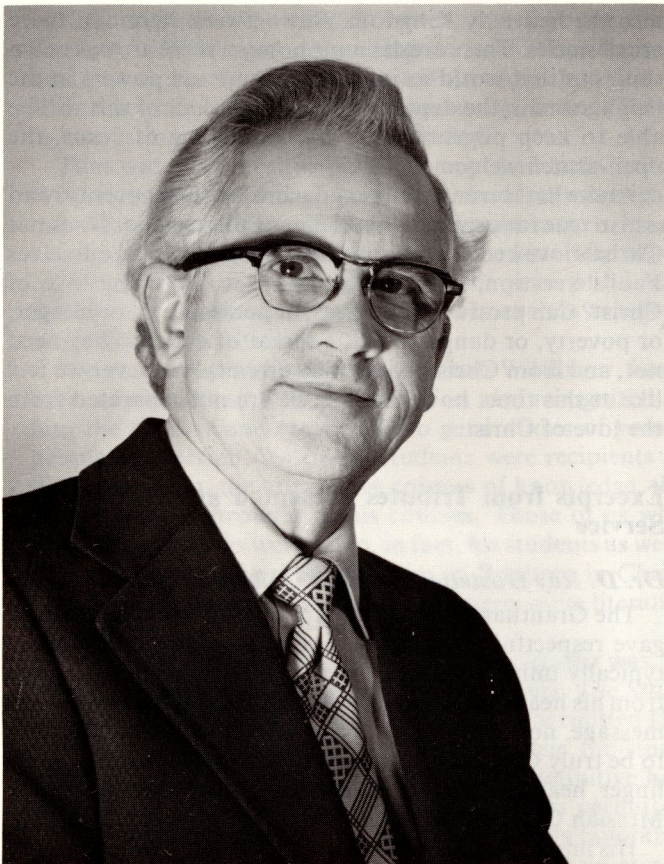
It's just that we're not perfect. Even though we're in close touch with Jesus, he's the only one that's perfect. We are trying to be perfect, we're striving for perfection—but someday he's going to say to us, "Well done, my servant!" If we keep it up, he's going to say, "Come unto me!"

And that will be a very happy victory.

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As told to Lois Paine of the Grantham, Pa. congregation, and edited by her husband, Dr. Dwight Paine, a professor at Messiah College. Dwight and Lois were working with Bob this summer at Spring Lake Retreat during the camps for New York City children. Bob's pastor at Fellowship Chapel in the Bronx is Danny Farina. Presently Bob Hart is a man in his fifties and serving as a responsible layman in the Fellowship Chapel congregation.





## CARLTON O. WITTLINGER

Carlton O. Wittlinger, born in Clarence Center, N.Y., Jan. 31, 1917. His father died when he was 2. His mother, Mary Herr Wittlinger, was a member of the Clarence Center Church. He made a definite commitment to Christ while a student at Messiah College in the mid-30's. He was married on June 1, 1939, by C.N. Hostetter, Jr., to Fay Martin, whom he met at Messiah College.

Three children, Don, Doreen and Lois, remain; and his wife Fay, who has begun work in the Church Archives.

He taught for 4 years at NCC (then the Ontario Bible School, Ft. Erie, Ontario, Canada) before coming to Messiah College in 1943. He was a member of the Grantham Church.

Graduating from Taylor University, valedictorian of his class, he did further studies at the University of Buffalo and received a Ph. D. in history from the University of Pennsylvania. Author of the definitive history of the Brethren in Christ Church, *Quest for Piety and Obedience*, he also had a number of published articles in *The Mennonite Quarterly Review* and the *Evangelical Visitor*.

He had a heart attack in the main foyer of the Campus Center on Tuesday, October 23, 1979, several minutes after his address to the campus community in chapel. He was rushed to the hospital but all attempts to revive him failed. A memorial service was conducted as an all-college convocation Friday, October 26, at 3:00 p.m.

## Not Separated From the Love of Christ

Pastor Robert Ives

I was walking across campus on Wednesday and my path crossed that of one of the African students here and I asked, as we Americans do, "How are you?" I will not forget his reply: "I am thinking of our brother who has left us."

There are, I think, two ways people have reacted after this sudden leaving of Dr. Wittlinger. There are some who have had life as usual, but there are others for whom life cannot go on as if nothing had happened.

Following the chapel talk into which Dr. Wittlinger had put so much of himself, and then his collapse, two journeys began. For death ushered him into the glories that can never be told and that same death brought many people here into the puzzles of why and into the gray land of sadness and loss.

Someone said, as our staff met last night, if it doesn't make sense to you, that doesn't mean that it won't make sense to someone, particularly to Him who is our Savior and Lord.

Dr. Wittlinger had thought about the eventuality of this time and several years ago had written that he wanted the sermon at his memorial service to be on the last part of Romans 8. I have been asked to preach this sermon and that passage is Paul's attempt to answer the question: who is strong enough for these things? What does it mean to be not separated from the love of Christ?

Can you think of Paul, that little man who had been through so much: beaten, stoned, shipwrecked, jailed, suffered privations no one here has. Can he understand our

times of sadness? And what does he say that will help us?

There are many incidents that make our lives sad. This week someone came hesitatingly into my office and said, "I just stopped by because I miss Carlton. He and I had been friends," and we went on to talk and pray. There is great sadness for us.

What does Paul, this little man who knew such deep personal sadness, say that can help us?

1. He says, first of all, in verse 26, that *in the same way* the Spirit helps us when we are helpless. And I asked myself, in the same way as what?

Paul had been talking about sadness and the groanings with which we express our sadness. We all groan, groan at our helplessness in the face of the sad things in life; and *the same way* that we groan, indeed in sympathy with sadness, the Spirit groans.

2. Paul also says in verse 26 that we are *helpless*. And that is true. I stood around with others, students and faculty, helplessly watching a couple of nurses bent over Dr. Wittlinger trying to get him to breathe. We felt helpless. You'd like to do something useful but you don't know what. Well, at least you can pray and I saw several groups of people praying together.

But what if we are helpless in our prayers? For that's what Paul says the problem is, the weak point. We don't know what to pray for; that the rescue attempts would be successful, or that God would take him into his own presence? Even Paul was helpless at times in prayer. To Paul, God needed to say, "No, don't ask for that, my grace is all



you need, for my power is made perfect in your weakness;" and part of our weakness is, we don't know what God is up to. We are all in our prayers, rather like babies crying in the night.

3. We wonder whether any one is there when we are sad. Another help Paul gives us is to answer that question. He writes, in verse 28, "As you know, God is at work in the midst of all things"—including our sadness, we might add—"for our good."

"As you know," Paul begins; but that is our problem, do we know? Of course, if God worked for our good in the midst of sad events and we did not know it, it would still be a marvelous thing and we would come one day into the heavenly kingdom and discover the truth of the matter there.

We would often see Dr. Wittlinger walking about campus, his eyes down, thinking. Occasionally he would, on looking up, spy someone he had recently been talking with and he would hail them, "You know, I've been thinking about that and I'm not sure we've gotten to the bottom of this matter yet."

Of course questioning is a good thing on a college campus. There are many puzzles in life. But there are some things we can know and God tells us, "As you know, God is at work in the midst of all things (including our sadness) for our good."

One historical proof of that is that Christ loved us and showed it by the way he lived and died.

With our questions we ask; is he there even in times like this? We can imagine for ourselves many things that might, if they are fierce enough, make us doubt. Paul imagines them for us in verse 35: pressure, distress, persecution, hunger, poverty, danger, the threat of death. They stand like some 7-headed Cerberus across our way.

4. But, says Paul in verse 37, though they stand in our way, though they disturb our world, yet because of Christ Jesus our Lord we win out over them.

You have, no doubt, meditated on verse 37, "we are more than conquerors." You have perhaps sung the stirring hymn based on those words, "we are more than conquerors." I have often wondered what that meant, to be more than conquerors.

Here is a little secret about the Greek language. Greek words seem to have been composed over a Scrabble board. To a word is added prefixes or suffixes to enlarge it. Each one of the prefixes or suffixes changes the meaning slightly. Here in verse 37 Paul uses one of those Scrabble-composed words, the word for "victor" or "conquer" and he added to it the word for "over" or "more" and what the combined word means is "to win out over" something.

I thought of those words and the passion of them with which Dr. Wittlinger closed his chapel talk on Tuesday: "If Jesus Christ is not Lord of all, he is not Lord at all." He meant, I think, that there cannot be areas of our lives which are somehow outside the control of Jesus Christ.

They also mean that Christ cannot merely be Lord at tea and crumpets time, when we are on top of things. But when we do not understand and at times when it seems no one else can possibly help us in our sadness, that if Jesus Christ is not Lord for us at those times, then he is not Lord for us at all.

I can imagine a pilgrim's trek for each person who, as that African student called it, leaves us. Life is over here. Christ waits in his great love to welcome another person

into the heavenly Kingdom. But between here and there are obstacles. There are demonic powers, there are unknown things in that world as it shall be, there are powers in the heights and in the depths, but nothing of all of this will be able to keep pilgrims from the great love of Jesus, the open-armed welcome.

And what is true for these pilgrims on the heavenly road is also true for us who are still on our pilgrimage. Does not Christ's love keep us here and shall we not ask for ourselves Paul's question, what can separate us from the love of Christ? Can pressure or distress, or persecution, or hunger, or poverty, or dangers, or the threat of death? They need not, and from Christ's side, they do not. Whatever we feel like at this time, however sad, we are not separated from the love of Christ.

## **Excerpts from Tributes presented at the Memorial Service**

### ***Dr. D. Ray Hostetter, Messiah College President***

The Grantham Campus community of Messiah College gave respectful attention as one of its elder professors—typically immersed in complete devotion to task—spoke from his heart in Chapel. A seeming instant after his chapel message, now memorable as he entreated this community to be truly Christian—the natural voice of Dr. C.O. Wittlinger, heard for 37 years as a teacher and administrator at Messiah College, was silenced.

His impact has been felt in unusual ways. Teachers knew him as the dean who hired them or the fellow-teacher with a staunch devotion to professional excellence. Alumni knew him as a friend who identified with their intellectual and theological struggles. Students knew him as one who could demonstrate a good humor and yet be serious at the task. Readers of his writings knew him as one having an abiding concern for the lessons of history. Scholars knew him as an archivist with high standards and a commitment to perfection of scholarship. Christians knew him as one ever-conscious of their responsibility as followers of Christ.

Dr. Wittlinger can be characterized by honesty, integrity, and unwavering professionalism. Not all of his words were tender, but he was truly concerned for mankind and for his brethren. In times of assertiveness one would always know that he had noble ends. His intelligence and his analytical ability were superb.

His walk devotedly followed the path of his Master even though encountering the adversity of physical affliction and disappointment. His walk pursued a zealous love for his church which culminated in the writing of her history—a work cited meritoriously, and his walk adhered to an unflinching devotion to his Alma Mater.

The walk of Dr. Wittlinger will continue to be vivid; his voice will continue to be heard. Yet his absence in the flesh leaves a void.

### ***A Fellow Historian and Colleague, Dr. E. Morris Sider***

Many years ago my two brothers and I, still children, were taken by our parents to a council meeting of the Brethren in Christ in Ontario, Canada. The meeting was for us boys a burden—there were few other children present, and we were required by our minister father to sit with him on the front seat.



Present at that meeting, however, was a young man, Carlton O. Wittlinger. As reading clerk, he sat on the seat next to ours. He obviously recognized our boyish boredom—and thus whenever he had the opportunity, he engaged us in interesting and amusing conversation.

That was the first time the Sider boys had met Carlton Wittlinger. But we immediately recognized him as a friend, indeed as a hero. We were to discover as we came to know him better, that this act of friendship characterized all of his associations with people through the years of his life. Students, colleagues, churchmen—all knew him as a generous and loyal friend.

We and others came to know Carlton Wittlinger, however, as more than a friend—all of us also recognized in him the scholar and teacher. Two generations of young people at Messiah College as students were recipients of the enthusiasm, the interesting corners of knowledge, the humor that he brought to his courses. Those of us who were his colleagues were often, in fact, his students as well. Those of us who worked with him in Brethren in Christ history were more than students—we were, quite literally, his disciples.

Carlton Wittlinger's crowning work as a scholar was, of course, his book *Quest for Piety and Obedience: The Story of the Brethren in Christ*. God in his wisdom permitted Dr. Wittlinger to live sufficient years to complete the study which for decades to come will remain the definitive history of his denomination. God in his kindness permitted Dr. Wittlinger sufficient days to read the highly favorable reviews that his book received in both major and minor scholarly journals.

Above all, I think, Carlton Wittlinger was a churchman. His entire life was spent as a servant of his chosen denomination—as committee man, as youth leader, and as teacher, for most of his years at Messiah College. If he had one over-riding concern for Messiah College, it was to see the college and his beloved denomination move forward hand-in-hand together.

For the Brethren in Christ Church, Dr. Wittlinger had a growing concern that it think deeply, not only of numbers and programs, but also of theology and roots. It was this great love for his denomination that inspired him single-handedly to organize the Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church. He was, in fact, using a partial leave of absence to upgrade the Archives when he was taken from us. Even so, he has left what some observers have referred to as one of the best archives of its kind in the country.

Friend, scholar, churchman—a truly good and beautiful example of the Christian life. God was gracious in giving us Carlton O. Wittlinger.

#### ***A Student: Susan Shirk***

He is alive. I know that he has passed from this life to a better life. But in the process I have lost a dear friend, a great teacher, and a wise counselor. If I laugh, I laugh for him in his joy. And if I cry, I cry for those of us who loved him and miss him. I suppose one of the reasons we loved Dr. Wittlinger was that he cared so deeply about what was important to us, and, more importantly, he cared so deeply about us. I have been hoarding some memories that I would like to share with you because it is good to remember.

I remember that he was always so concerned that justice be done. His correspondence with the Pennsylvania state government is my favorite example. He hated corruption and dishonesty under any circumstances, but especially in the state government. He frequently wrote letters to his senators telling them what he thought of the way they spent government money or handled a situation.

He cared about being a good teacher. I loved his courses. His tests ranged from difficult to impossible, but he wanted his courses to challenge people to think. And think we did. He ran his courses on the assumption that students were responsible adults.

People were as important to him as academics. He wanted to help young people to live lives committed to God in the face of a world that cares little for morals or ethics. To prepare himself to help, he read books on sex, drugs, alcohol, marriage, and anything else that he thought might be relevant. He was always ready to discuss what he had read. He and I had some great debates. I could shout, wave my arms, and totally disagree with him, but it did not affect my grades or my relationship with him because he cared about me as a person and about helping me to build a personal ethos. He was a wise counselor, too.

Dr. Wittlinger was a humble, committed servant of God. We would do well to follow his example.

#### ***A Close Neighbor and Co-worker—Rev. Paul E. Hostetler***

I first encountered this remarkable man back in the 40's as a history teacher on this campus. It was a great experience. For the first time in my life history became interesting.

Dr. Wittlinger was much in demand as a counselor. Students, and even other faculty members, sought him out. He was a good listener and responded with wise words of counsel. He was a very practical person. I borrowed his aluminum extension ladder one day and I liked it so much that I told him of my plans to purchase one for myself. Much concerned, he said, "Oh, don't do that! There is no need for that as long as I have this ladder. Just come and get it any time you need it."

He gave most of his life to Messiah College, and was deeply concerned with everything that happened on campus. To him the words of our College motto, "Christ Preminent," were not just words on a plaque, they were a way of life.

One of his major life achievements was the writing of the 580-page book, *Quest for Piety and Obedience*, a history of the Brethren in Christ Church. And he identified closely with the founding Brethren because Carlton Wittlinger's own life was also a quest for piety and obedience.

Dr. Wittlinger was a lover of God's Word. Back in the forties, evangelistic meetings were often associated with emotionalism in our church circles. When seekers went to the altar, or mourner's bench, at the end of a revival service loud prayers and raised hands were usually in evidence. In the midst of all that, and sometimes after it, Dr. Wittlinger could frequently be seen on his knees beside a seeker, with an open Bible between them, giving instruction directly from the inspired Scriptures. The people that Dr. Wittlinger led to Christ usually got their feet on the solid rock.

This man was a good Christian brother and I am going to miss him.



# Unwelcome Stranger

by Bob Boardman

My family and I had just built a campfire at Secret Beach. All alone, we were preparing to eat lunch at this quiet spot, when an unwelcome stranger invaded our solitude. It completely shattered my day.

I had eagerly anticipated the opportunity to get away from the jostling crowds that thronged humid Tokyo. The pressure of ministering and living in a foreign culture and language necessitates breaks at certain intervals. As someone had well said: "Come apart before you come apart"!

The name of the place we were staying indicated peace and relief—Secret Beach! It was a beautiful, white, sandy stretch of beach not far from Shimoda on the tip of Izu Peninsula.

Access to Secret Beach was through a beautiful natural sea cave, across a narrow plank bridging the swirling incoming tide, up to the crest of a narrow razor-backed coral ridge studded with beautiful scrub pine trees, then down a path to the other side onto the lonely sands of Secret Beach. I felt that nothing could interfere with this perfect setting. My family could enjoy being together in complete isolation. Lunch was ready. And then I spotted him—a lonely figure was trudging down the beach toward us. As he approached,

I saw that he was a bit strange. He was wearing an old, brown, dirty Japanese army greatcoat and had an army hat pulled low over his eyes.

It was obvious that he was mentally or emotionally disturbed . . . probably a former member of the defunct Imperial Japanese Army . . . now a beachcomber. He leaned against a rock and hungrily eyed our food.

I took a position that would enable me to move quickly toward him in an emergency. My reasoning was that he might be dangerous and, therefore, I had better watch him closely. Actually, I resented his intrusion on what I thought would be a private beach outing. So often the unexpected is what tests the true state of our spiritual condition. *I was tested and found deeply wanting.* Silently we stared . . . he at the food, we at him . . . maybe for five minutes. Then he made his move. And I made mine, but I was too late.

The beachcomber, seeing he would get no food from this foreigner, dejectedly moved off through the sand and up over the winding, narrow, rocky path and out of sight.

Now, too late, my inner being cried out and I raced after him to give him a sandwich. But he was gone. As the true nature of my rebuff of this unwelcome

stranger took shape within my mind and heart, my many failures loomed large. Was this the failure of a weak moment or did it reveal the true condition of my life?

Before the eyes of those dearest to me on this earth, I had failed. My wife and five children were witnesses to my refusal to share with this man. I had the opportunity to demonstrate before them the love of Christ and His compassion for a helpless and hungry creature, but I had failed.

Then I thought of my failure to co-laborers, both Japanese and foreigners. God had made me an under-shepherd to our staff working in Japan. As such I was to be "an example to the flock." How often I had exhorted them to share their lives and substance with those who were without, as well as sharing their words. And what kind of leadership was this that had no response either verbally or materially to a lonely beachcomber?

There are faithful co-laborers in my homeland, too . . . those who at times tend to idealize the foreign missionary. If they had witnessed or known of my callous non-response, surely the name "missionary" or "sent-one" would have a more realistic place in their religious vocabulary.

The failure alone of my non-response to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself was sufficient to shatter my peace. The Bible contains many examples of His compassion. In 26 translations of the Bible I can read: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward" (Matthew 10:42).

Yes, I had even memorized that verse, and now how it came back to show me my inadequacy to be His ambassador.

Finally, my failure to that gaunt figure in a Japanese Army greatcoat was greater than my failure to my family or co-laborers. More than anything except my disappointment to Jesus Christ, I had failed a man for whom He died. When that forlorn, pitiful form of the beachcomber had disappeared up and over that coral path, immediately I thought of John 6 and Christ's feeding of the 5,000. I had not been able to feed even one man!

Bob Boardman is a Navigator Representative in Tokyo, Japan.

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# A Blessing Through A Miracle

by Fukumi Takashima

I was born and brought up in the Hachijo Island in the midst of the Pacific. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has been known from early days in this island. Though I often heard about him in my youth, I couldn't believe in him. I was married and came to Tokyo, where I went far away from the Gospel day by day.

One day, however, a sudden accident took place. My husband met a serious traffic accident, and while he was battling between life and death, not only myself but also all of my family and relatives were in great distress. He was really in such a serious state and we were afraid we had to plan for the burial for him on that day or the next. I called Jesus Christ by the name from the bottom of my heart. I could only trust in Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, and prayed earnestly for his help. At that moment, I strongly knew the existence of him.

Through this experience I really felt that the answer of the Lord, "He will not die," came to me. "My grace is enough on you." I got peace of mind, feeling that he will never abandon my husband. In those days, as I had been getting acquainted with people in church, soon Mr. Graybill and Mrs. Matoba visited us at the hospital and prayed for us with tears. My husband joined the prayer and said "Amen" from the bottom of his heart. God's grace was enough on him and he recovered day by day. At last he was completely well after two months. He is working all right now. No trouble because of the accident since then. After this event, all my family is full of thanks, and praises God every day.

When I learned that my friend at Hachijojima had been praying for me for around twenty years, I know that our Lord is living and working still

now. I praise the Lord.

I am now a member of our church, serve the Lord, and working with brothers and sisters of the church, and I am trying to gather neighbors at my home to worship him at Fujin-kai (ladies meeting). I am earnestly hoping to share Jesus with my friend.

My life at home changed completely. When I wake my husband to go to work in the morning, I pray by my husband's bed, "Oh Lord, I pray that my husband can be well today and can work being given rest in him by the Lord, and may the day be full of thanks." Then while he is getting up, I praise the Lord again. My husband springs up from the bed and says, "Mama's God is wonderful" and he has his breakfast and goes to work with pleasure.

Other times I say to him, "Our home is in heaven. There is a time that will come when this world will pass away but we will be able to live again even [if] we are dead, because of Jesus Christ's resurrection and our eternal life is promised." My husband then says, "Please don't leave me alone, let me go with you, please."

"You must be connected with the vine of the grapes (of Jesus Christ)." My husband understands and cooperates with me. He himself is feeling like a member of church, and concerned about church so I am thankful every day. While I am working at home, word in the Bible and songs of praise soon come to my lips. My children go to Sunday School and know Jesus Christ, so I am happy and thankful that everything is going all right at home with the Lord.

When ladies in the church meet at our home, he is willing to cooperate with me, and tells me to treat them. We have reached the point to talk any-

thing together. I am so thankful. Many guests visit us and whenever they come I give witness. Hallelujah, glory to the Lord! My home is the place where relatives, friends, wives, and neighborhood people get together. When I cook to treat them, I pray that the dishes are finished deliciously. Then they come out fine and guests are pleased. That makes me happy. So I am always very happy to prepare dishes for guests.

It became to be my pleasure to talk about Jesus Christ, treat guests with delicious dishes and make them happy. I would like to fill my friends with bread of life, just as Jesus Christ fed five thousand people with food and made them satisfied.

**NOTE:** The author shared this testimony in a ladies meeting and, upon request, wrote what she had shared in English, her second language. Mrs. Takashima is a member of the Koganei Tokyo church.



Mrs. Takashima serves guests during a Koganei ladies meeting.



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that you'll  
turn the world  
upside  
down

but in a term of service

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with whom you work and live

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**you may even** change a town or village

**you will** be a witness for Jesus Christ

**you will** be obedient to the command of Jesus to

**Go therefore and make disciples of all**

**nations; to give food to the hungry, drink to**

**the thirsty, shelter to the homeless, clothes**

**to the naked and help to the ill and**

**imprisoned.** (Matt. 28:19, 25:35, 36)

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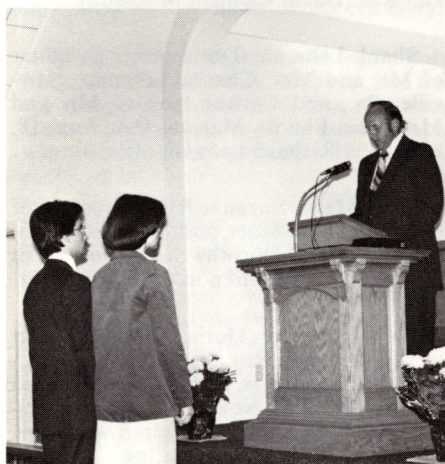


# CHURCH NEWS

## A Service of Ordination

Verle A. Brubaker, son of Rev. and Mrs. A. Hess Brubaker, Pennsylvania, was ordained to the Christian ministry in the Oak Park Church, Des Moines, Iowa Sunday October 14, 1979. Verle completed his seminary work at Western Evangelical Seminary, Portland, Oregon.

Bishop Don Shafer led in the service of ordination. Rev. Hess Brubaker assisted. Dr. Owen Alderfer gave the Ordination message. Pastor and Mrs. Verle Brubaker are serving the Oak Park congregation. Their many friends extend best wishes in their continuing pastoral ministry.



Bishop Shafer leads in the ordination ritual.

## Ordination to the Ministry

The morning worship service at the Bertie Church, Stevensville, Ontario witnessed the ordination of John Zuck to the Christian ministry, Sunday November 25, 1979. Bishop Harvey Sider was assisted in the service by the pastor, Rev. Ross Nigh.

Brother Zuck, with his wife Connie and

their two children, John Jay and Sylvia Lynne, first contacted the Brethren in Christ Church at the Jemison Valley congregation near Little Marsh in Pennsylvania. He was active in the life and ministry of the Jemison Valley congregation till he responded to a call to the Christian ministry in 1976.

Upon clearance by immigration they moved to Ontario in May 1977 and became part of the pastoral team of the Bertie congregation.

In the evening service, four received the rite of Christian baptism.

# Conference News

## Allegheny

The Clarence Center congregation held a farewell dinner for Emory and Jeanne Martin who left Dec. 2 for a 3-year term of service at the Nahumba Mission in Zambia. • The Mowersville congregation reports they held revival services from Nov. 25-Dec. 2. Rev. Delmas Hock served as the evangelist. • The pastor of the Ridgevue Church, Rev. Harry Musser, reports that 112 persons attended their Christmas slide presentation on Dec. 16.

A Christmas Banquet was held by the Shermans Valley congregation on Dec. 1. A musical program and slides on the city of Heaven were presented to the congregation by the Singing Hetrick family on Sunday, Nov. 4. • Guest speaker at the Spring Hope Church was Mildred Myers, former missionary to Africa, on Sunday, Dec. 9. Following the worship service, the congregation held a Thanksgiving-Christmas dinner in the Fellowship Center. • Seventy-five persons were in attendance for the Van Lear congregation's fourth anniversary service on Nov. 18. Special music was presented by the Three Voices in the morning service. A film was shown after an evening dinner.

## Atlantic

The Christ's Crusaders of the Cross Roads congregation gave \$500 from their treasury to be

used as needed by the church. • Seven persons were received into church membership by the Mt. Pleasant Church on Sunday morning, Dec. 16. The congregation hosted a joint hymn sing with Mastersville, Manheim and Speedwell Heights on Sunday evening, Nov. 18.

## Canadian

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fretz, Stevensville, Ont., celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary on Dec. 9, by attending the Falls View Brethren in Christ Church of which they are charter members. They were accompanied by their eight children and their families.

The pastoral family of the Falls View Church held an open house and carol singing for the congregation on Friday evening, Dec. 21. The pastor is Rev. Robert Climenhaga. • Fern Blair, a missionary from Malaysia, was the guest speaker for the Stayner ladies' annual Christmas meeting. The ladies of the New Life congregation were also invited.

## Central

The Bethel congregation viewed the film, "Christiana," a sequel to "Pilgrim's Progress," as part of their New Year's Eve program. • The Dayton congregation reports 196 persons were present for their annual Christmas program. The play, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," written by Kathy Chafin, wife of the pastor, was presented. • An outdoor Christmas pageant was presented on Dec. 21, 22, and 23 by the Phoneton congregation.

## Midwest

The Dallas Center congregation hosted a Lay Fellowship with the Oak Park congregation on Sunday evening, Dec. 30. The service began with a supper, followed by the evening service. • The ladies of the Rosebank congregation held a prayer breakfast recently with Gay Anderson, local author, and Kay Engle from the Zion congregation, as the speakers.

## A BIG STEP FORWARD FOR THE LANCASTER BRETHREN IN CHRIST CHURCH

A unique feature of the "Big Step Forward" banquet at the Lancaster Brethren in Christ Church was a song specially written for the occasion by a member of the congregation, Nelson Steffy, and sung by the author and Charles and Martha Starr. The song, "It's a Big Step Forward," personalized the experience for 200 members of the church family present at the dinner.

Commitments of over \$175,000 exceeded the announced goal. The money will be used toward the costs of a \$250,000 building program that will provide classrooms, offices, a library, an educational resource room, a larger nursery, a coat room and an audiodome.

Carl Keefer, BIC Director of Stewardship, noted with appreciation the emphasis on prayer during the campaign. The prayer emphasis and the every member visitation made a significant contribution to the life of the congregation. Martin Sponaugle was the general chairman and Dr. Deans Crystal is the building committee chairman. Merle Brubaker and Ken Letner are pastors at the Lancaster Church.



Left to right: Charles Starr, Martha Starr, and Nelson Steffy.



## Pacific

**Herb and Phyllis Frasier** showed their slides of India to all Sunday school classes at the **Redwood Country Church** recently. A dedication service for new choir robes was led by the choir during a morning worship service.

## Births

**Angellford:** William Marcellus Paul, born July 19, to Andrew and Wilma Angellford, Labish congregation, Or.

**Bigelow:** Trent Justin, born Nov. 16, to Ron and Rosi Bigelow, Holden Park congregation, Pa.

**Bryant:** Teresa Mae, born Dec. 7, to James and Shirley Bryant, Holden Park congregation, Pa.

**Clapp:** Angela Marie, born Nov. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Clapp, Wainfleet congregation, Ont.

**Garis:** Melissa Lynelle, born Dec. 2, to Merle and Karen Garis, Souderton congregation, Pa.

**Guyer:** Andrew Ryan, born Nov. 28, to Arthur and Debbie (Myers) Guyer, New Guilford congregation, Pa.

**Hoover:** Chad Steven, born Dec. 16, 1978, chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Steven Hoover, July 1979, Abilene congregation, Ks.

**Layton:** Janis Marie, born Dec. 12, to Lewis and Christene Layton, Chambersburg congregation, Pa.

**Roik:** Matthew Jonas, born Nov. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. George Roik, Wainfleet congregation, Ont.

**Schellhase:** Michael Craig, born Dec. 10, to Craig and Anita (Caufman) Schellhase, New Guilford congregation, Pa.

**Serna:** Joaquin Joshua, born in July, to Jack and Gloria Serna, Labish congregation, Or.

**Snyder:** Jacob Ryan, born Dec. 1, to Jack and Barb Snyder, Souderton congregation, Pa.

**Summers:** Heather Rae, born Oct. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Dorcas (Fohringer) Summers, Colyer congregation, Pa.

**Thrush:** Alan Geoffrey, born Nov. 25, to Rev. Lynn and Carol Thrush, Fairview Avenue congregation, Pa.

**Wall:** Nathan Irvin, born Nov. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Wall, Massey Place congregation, Sask.

## Weddings

**Fischer-Ritchey:** Kim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ritchey, Everett, Pa., and Daniel Fischer, Crystal Springs, Pa., Nov. 3, in the Clear Creek Brethren in Christ Church with Rev. Curtis Bryant officiating.

**Huntoon-College:** Carol Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. College, Chambersburg, Pa., and David Lynn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Huntoon, Ithaca, Mi., Oct. 6, in the Air Hill Brethren in Christ Church with Rev. Keith Ulery officiating.

**Lehman-Yoder:** Joanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Yoder, Millersburg, Pa., and Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lehman, Newville, Pa., Sept. 29, in the Evangelical Brethren Church with Rev. Simon Lehman officiating.

**Rossman-Stoner:** LeAnn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stoner, and Douglas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rossman, Oct. 20, in the Rebersburg St. Peter's Lutheran Church with Rev. Wesley Smeal and Rev. David Clement officiating.

**Shank-Lehman:** Doris Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lehman, Newville, Pa., and Carlton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Shank, Marion, Pa., Aug. 18, with Rev. Richard Lehman officiating.

**Sider-Marr:** Suzanne Ruth, daughter of Glen and Doris Marr, and Kevin Douglas, son of Roy and Dorothy Sider, Dec. 22, in the Wainfleet Brethren in Christ Church.

**Wenger-Myers:** Doris Linda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Myers, and Troy A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wenger, both of Roxbury, Pa., Nov. 17, in the Mowersville Brethren in Christ Church with Rev. Mervin O. Potteiger officiating.

## Obituaries

**Broughton:** Alvin Broughton, Wellandport, Ont., born in 1894, died Oct. 26, 1979. He is survived by his wife, Violet; a daughter, Mrs. Alice Collard; and four sons: Ross, Lewis, Glen and Harley. He was a member of the Wainfleet Brethren in Christ Church. Rev. Roy J. Peterman and Rev. Lloyd Moore conducted the funeral service in the Lampman Funeral Home. Interment was in the Maple Lawn Cemetery.

**Honodel:** Ralph J. Honodel, Leitersburg, Pa., born Jan. 21, 1916, died Oct. 3, 1979. He was the son of Ralph D. and Carrie (Sheffer) Honodel. He was married to Doris L. Delauter who survives. Also surviving are a son, Ensign Denton E.; a daughter, Mrs. Marilyn E. Barnes; five grandchildren; a brother; and two sisters. Rev. Charles O. Martin conducted the funeral service in the Grove Funeral Home. Interment was in the Green Hill Cemetery.

**Johnson:** Frank W. Johnson, Paddockwood, Sask., born Dec. 20, 1888 in Buffalo, N.Y., died Dec. 7, 1979 in Prince Albert. He is survived by his wife, Frances; six daughters: Mrs. Audrey Brinson, Mrs. Ruth Magdalin, Mrs. Roberta Fraser, Mrs. Jean Climenhaga, Mrs. Winnie Swalm, and Mrs. Iris Kassey; four sons: Norman, Rod, Frank and Miles; 22 grandchildren;

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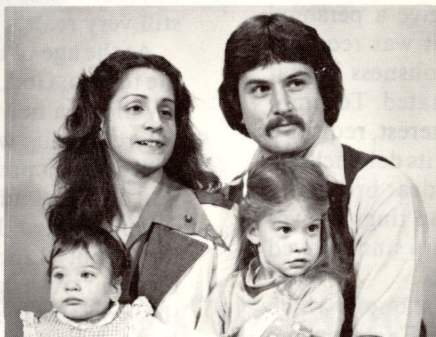
and three great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his first two wives, Maggie and Ivy; a son and two infant daughters. Rev. D. Maurice Moore conducted the funeral service in the Paddockwood Brethren in Christ Church. Interment was in the Paddockwood Cemetery.

**Mylin:** Lewis Ray Mylin, Columbia, Pa., born Nov. 16, 1959, died Dec. 9, 1979, in the St. Joseph Hospital. He was the son of Mrs. Ella Hess Mylin High who survives and the late Ray N. Mylin. He is also survived by a stepfather, Mahlon H. High; two brothers: Leland H., and Lawrence M.; a sister, Lauretta M.; maternal grandfather, D. Avery Hess. He was a member of the Manor Brethren in Christ Church where the funeral service was conducted by Rev. John Hawbaker and Rev. Dale Engle. Interment was in the adjoining cemetery.

**Winger:** Mrs. Catherine Winger, born May 20, 1884, died Nov. 27, 1979. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Cober. She was married to Jesse Winger who preceded her in death in 1954. She is survived by three sons: Irvine, Benjamin and Earl; three daughters: Mrs. Annie Sider, Mrs. Evelyn Traver, and Mrs. Beulah Shoup; 23 grandchildren; 50 great-grandchildren; and a sister. A son and four grandchildren preceded her in death. She was a member of the Puslinch Brethren in Christ Church where she and her husband served as deacon and wife for 22 years. Rev. Roy J. Peterman and Dr. E. J. Swalm conducted the funeral service in the Wainfleet Brethren in Christ Church. Interment was in the Zion Cemetery.

nance supervisor at Harrisburg, Pa., and has also serve with MCC in Laurel, Md., as recreation and art therapist with delinquents. Char has attended Hesston (Kan.) College.

The Barrs are members of Grantham Brethren in Christ Church and have two children, Kara and Stephanie. Parents of the couple are Frederick K. and Doris E. Barr of Grantham, and John H. Yoder of Edon, Ohio, and Doris M. Souder Yoder of Pettisville, Ohio.



**Sally L. Harmon** of Upland, Calif., is serving a two-year term of service at Mennonite Central Committee headquarters, Akron, Pa., as administrative assistant in U.S. Ministries. She has previously served with Mennonite Disaster Service and has recently been employed as craft and book store manager in Claremont, Calif. She attended the University of California at Santa Barbara and received a bachelor's degree in art history from the University of California at Riverside.

Sally is a daughter of Wendell E. and Frances Harmon of Upland and is a member of the Upland Brethren in Christ Church.

## Religious News

### Peter Dyck Accepts Expanded Role

Peter Dyck, who has been Mennonite Central Committee secretary for Europe/North Africa since 1957, is beginning an expanded role in constituency relationships on January 1. Dyck will continue to give about one-fourth time to East-West relations, while his main responsibility will be in constituency work.

The constituency relations work will include sharing of information about the motivation for MCC work. He will focus particularly on getting into congregations that do not have as direct access to knowledge of MCC and its personnel as some others do.

**Keith D. and Charlene M. Barr** of Grantham, Pa., are beginning a two-year voluntary service term in Lancaster, Pa., where he will work with housing rehabilitation services. Previously he served as mainte-



## Security

I was looking for security,  
but as I checked  
my growing bank balance,  
I wondered,  
how much money is enough.  
Tragedy could strike  
and empty my pockets.

I was seeking  
love  
and I tried to get it  
from romance,  
friends, family,  
but no one could fill  
the need  
that cried for more.

I was groping for  
purpose,  
so I worked hard  
at building a career,  
but it didn't seem to have  
the lasting meaning I craved.

I wanted something  
to eagerly look forward to,  
but even luxurious vacations  
came and went  
and what was left  
to keep me going?  
Brand-new cars  
and other toys  
momentarily provided pleasure  
until the newness wore off.  
At the end of every  
roller-coaster thrill  
was emptiness.  
What did I have  
to show for it all?  
I didn't know what it was  
that I was searching for,  
but He knew me,  
and the Lord Jesus  
revealed himself to me,  
opened my eyes to see  
that only He could satisfy my  
hunger.

And as I received Him,  
He flooded me with everlasting  
love,  
held me securely in His arms,  
gave me purpose for living,  
a heavenly home  
to eagerly look forward to,  
joy renewed every day,  
the excitement of watching  
Him work in my life,  
and complete fulfillment!

—by Linda Kling



# An Ordinary Child of The King

by Rev. C. R. Heisey

I was asked by our music director to give a personal testimony as part of a musical program. It was required that it be written. I knew there was righteousness in that request. And then my thinking became agitated. Testimonies today, to be exciting and of popular interest, require a tale of wild involvement in slavery to sin and its debauchery. I have no such tale to share. Rather, like a dear brother in the South, "I'se thankin' de Lord for de bad tings I never got into." Mine is just the story of an ordinary sinner saved because of the extraordinary mercy of God.

I was born ninth in a family of ten children, one of which died in infancy. Our mother couldn't speak English when she started to school; they called her "little Dutch girl." She was not versed in the knowledge of the books written by men full of wisdom of this world, but she knew a lot of verses from The Book written by "holy men of God (who) spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." When that Book said, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His eyes are open unto their cry," she believed it meant just that.

We might hear her talking to the Lord in the bedroom, or in the kitchen if she was alone. Perhaps it was from the hen-house if she went out to gather eggs, or from the cow-stable before she began milking the cow. Her prayers were "fervent" and "effectual" and they "prevailed" much. I recall seeing her come into our bedroom carrying an oil lamp late at night, to see if her boys were "all in." Three of her sons were ministers; one of them a missionary to China for some twenty years—until the Communist takeover forced withdrawal of missionaries. Two of them were Gospel singers in the churches they attended. One daughter was a missionary to Africa over twenty years. The other

daughter spent time as helper in tent meetings as they were held by the church in that day.

At the age of nine, bowing at an altar in revival meeting at the Fairview Church in Southern Ohio, I placed my trust in Christ. After a period of prayer and tears, the kind lady beside me quoted John 6:37, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." She said, "You came to him didn't you?" My answer was "yes." Then she said, "Did he cast you out?" Confidently I answered, "No." Her next question was, "Then what did he do?" At that moment it became very clear to me that Christ became my personal Saviour. That was more than seventy years ago and he is still very real to me.

At the age of twelve I made a complete dedication of my life to him. God, in the person of the Holy Spirit, came into my life in a new dimension. I knew that sometime, somewhere, my life was to be given in service to him. Why God called me to preach I do not know. I never felt adequate; nor do I feel adequate to this day. That he did call me I never doubted. I was driving in an old spring wagon down the County Line road taking grain to the mill at the end of the road. At a certain spot there flashed through my mind the words of a song, "On those who hear, but go not, a darkening shadow falls." That is all of the song I remember. At that moment I determined I would not be one to come under a "darkening shadow."

I fed upon the Word of God. A pocket Testament became my companion. We had a minister who was exceptionally good in bringing forth treasures both new and old from God's Word. My prayer was, "O God, make me a Bible teacher like Brother Ulery." Whatever measure of success has been mine as a Bible teacher is God's answer to that prayer.

Even though more than sixty years have passed since I began preaching the Gospel, my chief joy today is learning from God's Word or sharing what I have learned with others. Psalm 119:161, 162 speak for me: "My heart standeth in awe of Thy Word: I rejoice in Thy Word as one that findeth great spoil." With the psalmist my prayer is: (Psa. 119)

"Give me understanding according to Thy Word . . .  
May my lips overflow with praise . . .  
May my tongue sing of your Word."

## Those Wounded Hands

For me the wounded hands and cruel  
crown of thorns He wore

For me the shame, and dark despair of  
sin He bore,

For me the scourging stripes of awful  
pain upon His back

For me with unfair trial, the howling  
mob did Him attack.

For me forsaken, there by the cross He  
stood

For me to take on Him my sin, and  
debt—the innocent and good.

For me to rescue, from eternal death  
and night and Hell

And now I hear a mighty chorus echo  
"All is Well."

How now can I repay to Him the  
gratitude I owe?

But humbly fall before Him—yield  
myself as deeper in His love I go,  
And follow closely by His wounded

side in thankfulness each day  
Through all my life, till all of sin on  
earth is done and put away.

O loving Lord, so help me now to love  
Thee more and serve Thee better yet

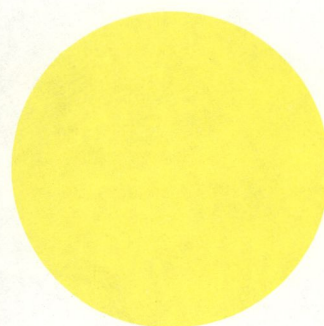
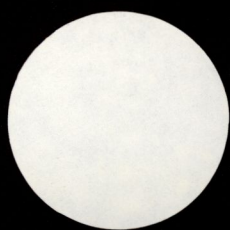
Until the day the trumpet clarion calls  
the living and the dead.

When then we stand, by Calvary's  
love, unworthy, without blame,  
On Heaven's Shore, to glory in His  
great and wondrous name.

For me He paid the awful price, for me  
He paid the debt.

Help me to worthily partake then of  
these emblems, wine and bread  
And so declare and show Thy love for  
all to know and come to be  
"Redeemed," and saved from sin, to  
share Thy love Eternally.





## Choices For Today

Come January 25, the date of this issue, we are on our way into the decade of the eighties. There was a day when one decade followed another as routine. The layman read the Farmers Almanac to discover what the astronomers predicted for the heavens. Then followed certain weather predictions that dared to venture into the future. Sometimes predictions were correct or nearly so. Other times the difference between prediction and reality was accepted with "so what!"

The Twentieth Century has radically altered that placid way of life. The "increase of knowledge" leaves us virtually speechless. We close a decade saying, what's ahead in the next ten years? Knowledge as used in Daniel 12:4—"... seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased"—refers to a type of learning that is self-centered and cunning, knowledge that is largely self-related, very little of God in it. This attitude on man's part in no way changes the course that God has ordained.

We thank the Lord for every manifestation of Divine power that came in the last ten years: effective mass evangelism, Bible centered preaching via modern methods of radio and TV. Not all that is preached in the name of Christ is genuine. It belongs to the Holy Spirit to interpret rightly and we rest assured that *such word* "shall not return void but shall accomplish the purpose for which it is sent."

But, side by side with the good is the literal bursting forth of evil. The moral disintegration of the seventies is alarming. Studies show that divorce has doubled. Seemingly unabashed, the number of unmarried couples living together has increased sharply. The cunning, crafty knowledge of our day contributes greatly to promiscuous, sensual living. Moral restraints have been exchanged for license to live freely according to the flesh.

What is being witnessed about us concerning the flesh is nothing new. The publicity, promotion, and exhibition via today's media leaves few people untouched by the militant forces of evil. One would naturally hope for equal time and

publicity on the part of good, but we must accept the fact: the broad base of selfish interests caters to the appetites and desires that secure the greatest financial response. Esau may have been the first to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, but the way of Esau literally saturates today's society.

What is the position of the Christian as we move on into the eighties?

The Apostle Paul, in a very lucid manner in Galatians, chapter five, presents us with a choice. The society of Paul's day was confronted with two ways of life. That aspect remains exactly the same today. The description of the first reads like today's newspaper or popular magazine; it even sounds like today's radio or the visual thrust of TV coming in today's living room.

In summary, verse 19: "... the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these"; then it goes on to explicitly name seventeen different sins as part of the catalog of sinning, and concludes further by saying "and such like." Notice Paul speaks in a plural sense, "the works." Satan makes a plural offer; take the one you like best. The choice is between sensual sins (names four), or religious (names two). Still a third class includes temperamental sins (names five) and a fourth class names drunkenness, revellings, and such like. Of note: doers of these things need no hearing or trial; the sentence is already given: "... they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Then follows in verse 22 an alternate to living after the flesh: "but the fruit of the Spirit is ..." Of note here is the singular use of "fruit." Excellent logic: the result of the way I live and for whom I live is important. Nine excellent qualities of Christian character go to make up the "fruit" of the Spirit. This incomparable quality of life has only one source—that is to be "in Christ."

What a challenge—nine prime qualities of life are to exude through the daily life of a Christian. This is only possible through the Holy Spirit living out the Christ way of life in us.

J.N.H.



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Russian Baptist dissident Georgi Vins, center, with MCC Europe Secretary Peter Dyck while MCC worker Karen Steria translates. Vins visited MCC headquarters in December. (MCC photo by Mark Beach)

## GEORGI VINS: Praise and Prayer Through Persecution

"My enemies told me that I would never be able to be in freedom again. But our God is strong and all powerful," said Russian dissident Georgi Vins, speaking to an audience of about 400 at the Ephrata (Pa.) Mennonite Church on Monday, December 3. His visit was sponsored by Mennonite Central Committee, where he also spoke at chapel services the next morning.

Vins, well-known Reform Baptist dissident expelled from the Soviet Union last spring, spent two days in the Akron-Ephrata area speaking, meeting with MCC personnel and touring MCC's material aid and Self-Help outlet. Vins is a ninth generation minister; his family were Mennonites through his grandfather's generation.

As leader of the unregistered church in the USSR, he had been persecuted severely by Soviet officials. The past 13 years of his life have been spent in prison, exile or hiding.

His family, he said, were persecuted as well, continuing to witness even while he was imprisoned. At the age of 10 his oldest daughter Natasha was taken in front of her entire school and asked, "Is there a God?" The other children laughed but the little girl replied, "Yes, there is a God."

"Already from a small age her faith was strengthened," said her father. Years later, when she was in medical school, Natasha was again asked, "Do you believe in God or not?" Although she had already studied several years, her confession of faith resulted in expulsion from medical school. "But she loves God more than she loves science," says Vins.

He added, "My daughter is not the only one. Tens of thousands of Soviet Christians died in camps for their faith. The fathers die in prison and the children become believers."

Vins' wife, five children, niece and mother are with him in the United States. Their reunion with Vins last June 14 was the first time in 13 years they were together as a family.

In April 1979 Vins was suddenly taken from his prison cell and flown to New York along with four other dissidents. They were not told until just before their flight that they were going to New York or that they were being permanently expelled from the Soviet Union.

Later they learned that in exchange, the United States was returning two Russian spies for the five political and religious dissidents. Always before the United States had received Americans in exchange for espionage agents. The trade of Russians for Russians was a first.

Vins related his impressions upon arriving at the New York hotel. "It was so clean there and there were such beds there!" he exclaimed. "There was a big bowl on the table with grapes and I hadn't seen any of this for so many years. I was further surprised that there in the hotel was a Bible. I hadn't held a Bible in my hands for five years. But I wanted a Russian Bible and asked to get one. And in the night an unknown person in New York brought me a Bible in Russian."

A further surprise awaited him two days later, when President Carter invited Vins to attend services at the First Baptist Church in Washington, where Carter teaches Sunday School. "The President of a big country held a Bible in his hands; this was so surprising for me. This seemed to me a dream," he said.

"Envy is not a good thing; we should not envy. But when I saw your President with the Bible in his hand, I sincerely envied the American people. I remembered my people in the Soviet Union and I thought how good it would be if our President Brezhnev would hold a Bible in his hands and teach the people."

Vins will also be speaking at the MCC Annual Meeting in Kidron, Ohio, on January 25.